IT'S BEEN FUN

By FRANCES HEATH

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RUSTY'S brown face was spotlighted by the match that he touched to his cigarette.

"This is our last night together," Lelia laughed but didn't mean it.

"Well, let's make it good!"

"Yes. Let's have fun!"

That had been their theme song all summer. Whether it was lying on the warm sand of the beach where Rusty guarded lives, or dancing at Dick's dive, or saying good night on the wide porch of Lelia's home, they had had fun.

"What'll we do, Rusty?"

Lelia hung on his answer. She hoped he would say, "Let's get your car."

And that meant they would ease the green roadster out of the garage, drive about thirty miles, very fast, to a certain lane that wound through an apple orchard. They would talk a little and laugh a lot. Then she would say, "Perhaps my father could get you a job in the city."

And he would answer as he had the other time she had suggested it, "But I like it here. I have a perfectly good job all season. In the winter I help my father with the garage."

"But Rusty, don't you want to be somebody?"

The boys she knew were always saying, and only half of it was in fun, "When I get to be the city's best known surgeon—" or "I'll be a better judge than he is when—"

Rusty would say, "I am somebody," with a flash of his strong white teeth, and a gleam in his bright blue eyes, that only partly deuled the egotism of his words.

And he'd kiss her ear and maybe he'd thrill her with, "Lelia, will you stay here and marry me! Don't go back to the city tomorrow with your parents."

If only he would say it.

But Rusty suggested the beach instead. It was just a kid's party. They were glad to see Rusty and proffered hot dogs and burnt marshmallows.

One of the girls started strumming her uke. Lelia thought, I wonder if she was Rusty's girl?

"All I do the whole day through
Is dream of you—"

Everybody was listening. But she was singing to Rusty.

Lelia wondered if Michael felt like that when she deserted him and the Beach club and the crowd, for Rusty, captain of the public beach, and his gang.

"Come on, Rusty. Let's go." Lelia had had enough.

"O. K.! We're off to Dick's, kids. Don't do anything I'd do."

"Be seeing you." The girl with the guitar called after them.

"Who is she?" Lelia asked.

"Dot Kestor."

"Native?"

"Kid, the way you say 'native,' anyone'd think you were holding your nose. What's wrong with being a native?"

"Why nothing, certainly. I didn't mean it to sound that way—"

"Skip it!"

They were in the shadows and he caught her roughly in his arms. "Baby, I—" Lelia thought Dot and some boy passed by, but she wasn't sure.

It must have been Dot though, because she was at Dick's when they finally arrived. "Hello!" they all said casually.

Dick's was just an old barn. The orchestra consisted of four pieces and what they lacked in music they made up in noise. Apple highs were a quarter and they were the best bet because Dick made his own applejack. The crowd was almost wholly native with a smattering of cooks and chauffeurs from the ocean colony.

"I just love this place." Lelia was doing a hop, skip and a jump dance that threatened the shins of the other dancers. She was laughing up into Rusty's face when Michael and the club crowd came in. "Slumming," she heard Suzanne Engle say. They smiled a cool, "Hello, Lelia."

She looked from her table to theirs. At hers the girls were Dot and Gert and Alma. At the table across the room sat Detsi, Suzanne, and Meryl. They were wearing a forecast of the autumn's fashions, while she and the natives were wearing what they had worn since May. And except for Rusty, Lelia much preferred the crowd across the room.

"Dance with me?" Dot was asking Rusty.

"Sure thing. 'Scuse me, Lelia."

Lelia lighted a cigarette and slowly sipped her drink. They must have danced together a lot, she thought. Then she caught the flash of Michael's gray eyes and she laughed and winked at him. He was such a stunning thing. Too bad he couldn't flutter her the way Rusty did.

The band started their version of a rhumba. Dot and Rusty danced on. They were looking straight into each other's eyes. The girl's brown ones were saying, "Too and I belong." Lelia could read it, but Rusty could only sense it.

"Oh good, they're going to do their dance," someone at the table said.

Faster and faster went the music until the floor was cleared by breathless couples who left Dot and Rusty to finish it alone.

Dot had a hard time stopping. She slumped to the floor and her ankle turned. She limped back to the table holding fast to Rusty.

"I—no, mind if I take Dot home?"

"Not at all." Lelia was carefully rouging her red lips. "I'll wait for you."

The girls exchanged a look of admiring hate.

Two by two the gang drifted out, each couple offering to see Lelia home. But she stayed though she knew he wouldn't come back.

Dick came over to her. "We're closing up, Miss Lelia. Want me to take you home?"

"Thanks, Dick, I'll see to her." Michael had her by the hand.

"Nice of you to come back for me." He squeezed her hand.

"Is there a moon?" she asked.

"Yeah."

"Are there stars?"

"Uh, huh."

"I wouldn't know."

Michael was silent for a long time. A kind and understanding silence. Then he said, "You're a sweet kid, Lelia. It's been a dull summer with out you."

"Mike, you're a swell guy."

"Skip it."

"By any chance, Mike, you didn't go native, too, did you?"

"Yeah—how'ja guess it? I've been trailing around with Dot Kestor."

"Have fun?"

"You bet! What are you laughing at?"

"You and Dot. Rusty and me. Do you hurt?"

"No. Dot's a swell kid, but—"

"Well I do. I hurt like h—l. Can you imagine it, Mike? I saw myself hanging curtains at the windows over his father's garage. I almost proposed it. I wonder what Rusty would have said."

"Nerts!"

They both laughed into each other's eyes, and found themselves clasping hands and swinging arms as they walked down the lane under stars that seemed not quite so far off.

Church History Told

continued from page 8

sermon. The audience was so moved by the eloquence of the preacher that many were in tears, spirit upon the human heart. It made a deep impression upon all present and will bear fruit for the garner of God.

At 8:30 p. m. on Wednesday, Rev. J. W. Stiff, secretary of the conference, delivered a sermon of great power. After hearing Dr. Young and Mr. Christantie people were prepared for anything; and a large congregation assembled in spite of rain, rain and storm to hear him. They were not disappointed, for the preacher spread before them a feast for the soul, and people went from the church feeling that the Lord had been with them. Mr. Stiff sustain the reputation as a preacher of spiritual power and eloquence.

The conference adjourned Friday at 11 o'clock a. m.

Rev. J. W. Stiff and Mr. J.F. Spencer are efficient secretaries and very few corrections had to be made in the minutes.

The closing scene of the conference was a memorable one. After a touching prayer, Mr. Andrew Pollard the congregation arose and sang "Blest be the tie that binds". Many of those present felt the power of the spirit and wept for joy. It was a gracious time.

The following resolutions were offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this conference be tended to the people of west Appomattox for their generous hospitality which has been extended to us during this season.

Signed: W. A. Christian

The History of Appomattox Memorial Church

Appomattox Memorial class was organized November 4, 1897, by Rev. S. Harvey Johnson, in the Courthouse building, with the following members, J. R. Hill, W. S. Garrett, N. H. Gregory, A. H. Clement, Mrs. A. H. Clement, and Miss Fannie Clement.

In May 19 1898 the following building committee was appointed: subject to radification by the quarterly conference, to select a location and planed to build methodist church at west Appomattox J. R. Hill, J. E. Purdum, J. H. Stanley, A. Clement, Robert Irby, Rev. P. M. Bell ex-officio member.

At the same time the following soliciting committee was named: Messdames Robert Irby, and A. H. Clement Messrs J. F. Purdum, J. H. Hill, and J. H. Stanley.

On June 21, 1898, the building committee met in the law office of A. H. Clement, with Rev. P. M. Bell in the chair, and organized as follows A. H. Clement, Chairman, J. H. Stanley, treasurer and J. R. Hill, secretary

The committee at once went to work, and with the aid of the soliciting was able to let the church to connect on June 20, 1899, and the committee entered into a contract with Handcock and Son for the completion of the building by the 1st of October 1.1899. On October 31st Rev. J. Wiley Bledsoe, DD dedicated the church, an $1800 outfit for furnishings and lot, all paid for. At that time it was the to invite the District conference meet with this church.

The church now has 50 members and pays an average of $1 per week to all the conference collections.

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TIMES-VIRGINIAN

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TIMES-VIRGINIAN APPOMATTOX, VA. THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1935

ROMANCE OF THE SOUTH

By Mary Louise Gills

The South from its embryonic stage has been a land of Romance. It is the cradle of a great new nation. Jamestown Island afforded just the setting for the birth of America, the Beautiful land of brave men and fair women. Around the green banks of this island, the blue James sweeps proudly in endless curves; ancient gnarled trees, silent sentinels of Time, "lift their leafy arms to pray." Yet standing in the church tower in mute testimony of man's dependance upon God in all perilous days when wild beasts roamed the forest and the Red man was not always friendly.

Romance and varied were the motives that those who came to live in this new land, but in the main they sought adventure, lured by the romance of a vast unknown country, where even though dangers and hardships stood in front of most adventurous test that had ever developed from Often the stillness of the night was broken by the shrill scream of a panther; the awful howls of a pack of hungry wolves; the war whoop of the indians accompanied by a scalping knife and tomahawk. The fortifications of the Jolly settlers were built around the entire village, their means of defence and resistance, limited. However, there were peaceable tribes of indians with whom they traded. The white man found those earliest Americans a picturesque race living the life of nature, near to the heart of nature, worshiping the Great Spirit. Their painted and tattooed bodies were tall, strong and almost bare of clothing.

Another race soon came to the south, the African, being accustomed to the warm climate the negro could spend all day in the cotton and tobacco field, without ill effect. He became a valuable value to the Southern Planter. The colored Mammy played a unique part and completely endable role in the domestic circle. With face beaming in turbaned head and stiffly stretched white apron, she presided over her little domain. In the kitchen which was usually separated from the great house by a segrove, with her retinue of younger negroes attended to the cooking operations. This she did with an artist's fire places, some of them capable of roasting a large ox, were the only means by which she could produce her culinary triumphs. Such savory creations. Shades of the ancient epicureans.

By nature emotional, musical, the negro brought with him from his native shores strang and weird superstitive shores strang and weird superstic-

The romance of the Cavalier period when gentlemen wore knee britches, silver buttkles and powdered their hair has been woven into many a thrilling tale. They were bold, daring and dashing, handling the sword and pistol with extreme skill. With little provocation, especially when a lady was the cause of the gentlemen or a lady was nor of the gentlemen, a duel was envoled even questioned a duel would be called and fought to its deadly finished, in their lighter moments the Kentucky colonel and the Virginia gentlemen enjoyed the game of chess accompanied by the refreshing mint julep. Women on this stage in their evolution were clinging vines and possessed at the slightest pretext They wore hoop skirts piled their mass of powdered hair high on their head, leaving a few curles to stray coquettishly over the shoulder. With the new land, ship load of women were brought over to become wives of the planters. These now married were paid for with so many pounds of tobacco.

From the colonial days to the war between the states the south was enveloped in a romantic atmosphere. Her plantations were smattered over her hills and valleys. At night the Great House would be lighted with irridescent chandeliers and the family with their guests would dance the Virginia Reel while the sweet toned melodeon in the drawing room would wake to sudden music at the touch of dainty, white fingers and galent gentlemen would guide lovely ladies through the maze of the minute. Ofter the music was furnished by negro strumming banjo and guitar. The langorous moon shorn through the long French windows on the polished floor light laughter, beauty, music and dreams.

However life in the glamorous South was not always peaceful and gay. It has been the battlefield of America, witnessing the grim, ruthless wars of more than two centuries, offering on the alter of sacrifice men of unswerving patriotism. The romance of the South's great history is inexricably interwoven with the history of America. Patrick Henry in his famous speech expressed the spirit of her people: "Give me liberty, or give me death." Thus did the south rise in righteous indignation to throw off the yoke if British oppression. What untold privations and hardships were indurgd to gain independance for the American Colonies Then when victiry had crowned her sacrifices. Thomas Jefferson, a distinguished son of Virginia, wrote the Dec aration of Independance. The constitution of the United States was then was then formulated, written by the hand of James Madison, another Virginian. It breathed the spirit if liberty and stat Sovereignty and other principles for which the south has suffered to uphold. She gave to the newly established republic its first president, George Washington. Such contribution as the south has made to the cause of democracy cannot be computed. She was a mighty factor in the building and developing the nation.

When the threatning clouds of the war between the Statesburg over Americ a, the South called together a great statesmen to meet at Washington. But conference was called in vain were all her efforts to restore harmony and to avert the impending catastrophe. Against frightful odds she struggle through four years of war do preserve the sacred principles upon which our government rests. Defeat came at Appomattox, but the heroism of her soldiers, the dauntless courage of southern women and the names of Robert E. Lee and Stosewall Jackson will live through coming ages. The spirit of the South is invincible and cannot die. Virginia crushed to the Earth shall rise again, The Eternal years of God are hers."

From the ashes of defeat the South has emerged, radiant, into an era of unprecented prosperity. The romance of her ancient flower gardens has been the theme of song and story magnolias, branched in the ardent sun, crape myrtle, yellow jasmine and rose fragrance floating down the years.

A land of enchantmentis the south. She may are her natural wonders and beauties. Mountains, hoary crowned, valleys, lakes, mighty seas, the Mississippi, Father of waters, contribute to the glory and grandeur of her scenery. Upon her unrasisting shore, the great Atlantic beats in endless rythm, colorful sunshine, enfolds her in the moon's white magic; mod pearl in the dawning day. The vast gold in the dawning day. The vast panorama of the beautiful South catches and holds the rarso tuned vision.

May this lond if wonder and delight attain new heights of glory, keeping intact all her fine traditions those great and lifty principles for which she boo through the years suffered to perpetuate.

Democrats On Boat Cruise

Young Democrats of Virginia, according to pointing with pride and ing to the many civic reverence in the Old Dominion, sheltered and the British Monarchy Gordo the Fourteenth sank pier New York, July 8, for convention cruise to Halifax, Nova Scota, in the New Dominion of Canada.

Actually, the trip is something of a junket so permit the timed Commonwealth's Attorney and others to rest their mind from political travail.

Sentimentality, is a friendly gesture, largely from the capital of the Confederacy, in memory of the fast hot Halifax was the favorite base of operation for Confederate blockade runners.

More than 100 Richmonders, with the feminine vote in the majority, got on the train at Broad Street Station at 7:30 o'clock, Saturday morning amidst much speculation about the trip and the ship, largest of the type and equipped with gadgets, widgets, and gimmicks, pools, tennis courts—even play room for youngsters, beauty parlors, bars, a big dance floor and what-not, known as deck sports.

At Fredericksburg, Washington, Baltimore and New York other Virginia Democrats joined the party.

MARRIAGES

Davis-Fitzgerald

Prospect, July 17—Miss Gladys Fitzgerald of Roanoke and Francis Mondday July 8th at 8 p.m. at the auditorium if the Baptist church in Roanoke of which Rev. J. T. Coleman performed the cermony. The bride is the daughter of Mr and Mrs. Fitzgerald of Roanoke and is well kniwn at Prospect where she ha many friends, Mr. Davis is working in Prospect where they will reside. Prof. and Mrs. McDonald and C. B. Allen, of Prospect attended the wedding.

Carter-Gentry

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Gentry of Concord announces the marriage of their daughter Etta G. Gentry to Mr. Berkley S. Carter of Appomattox. The ceremony was preformed at the Methodist parsonage July 4th. Rev. J. M. Humphrey officiating. Mrs. W. D. Cerrtr and children of Washington D. C. who were visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carter have returned home.

Baseball!

This Saturday the Appomattox ball team will play the strong Benefical Machine team, of Lynchburg. The game will start at 3:30 at the new diamond.

Richmond, July 17—As a recent difference between the Governor and the Acoholic Beverage Control Board, certain changes in the law were discussed. The Governor has submitted recommendations from the members of the board which he will take under consideration.

Pamplin

Pamplin, July 16—Miss Kate Franklin was both program leader and hostess for the July Meeting of the W. M. S. of the Baptist church was held next Friday evening. The contestants were: Miss Africa, and Miss Franklin gave an interesting talk on conditions in that country. At the close of the program the hostess assisted by Mrs. Leslie Ligon served refreshments.

A silver medal contest from under the auspices of the Pamplin W. C. T. U. will be held at the Baptist church next Friday evening. The contestants are: the following children of junior age: Laura and Katherine Ramsey, May Fore Elizabeth Terry, Mac Williams and Fred Smith.

Mrs. R. N. Cunningham was hostess Thursday afternoon to the woman's auxiliary of the Presbyterian church. The topic for the meeting was Sabbath observance and Mrs. H. L. Reeves was program leader. The attendance was unusually large and a social hour was enjoyed after the program. The guests were refreshed with an ice course.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Parcell and family have returned to their home after visiting Mr. Parcel's parents Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Parcell of Williamson West Virginia. They also visited relatives in Russell Ky. and in Portsmouth Ohio and were accompanied back by Jack Parcell recently of California.

Miss Kate Franklin spent a portion of this week with friends at Appomattox.

A recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] of Akron, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] and daughter and Kermit Faulkner, are spending the weekend in Little Ion North Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Gilliam had a delightful last weekend Mr. and Mrs. Lord and daughter and Willie Dickwarter, all of Richmond.

Miss Rebecca Gilliam is visiting her aunt Mrs. J. J. Gilliam at her home near Farmville.

Mrs. J. M. Covington has returned to her home after an extended visit in Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Roland Hendix Carson of Richmond visited in the home of Mrs. Carson's parents Mr. and Mrs. Lacy Thornton.

Miss Della Hughes and Miss Brown of Baltimore are spending their vacation in Pamplin.

Mr. and Mrs. Sten Baldwin and Misses Esther and Louis Harman spent the Fourth at Abeline on a fishing trip.

CANDIDATES CARDS

To the Democratic voters of Appomattox and Buckingham:

I am a candidate to succeed Col. A. L. Terrell as representative of this district in the House of Delegates, subject to nomination in the August primary. Your support will be appreciated.

Calvin H. Robinson
Appomattox, Va.

I wish to announce myself a candidate for State Senator from the Eleventh senatorial district of Virginia, comprising the counties of Appomattox, Buckingham, Charlotte and Cumberland, subject to the Democratic primary of August 6, and I earnestly solicit the support of the voters of the district and look forward during the campaign.

Respectfully,
CHAS. T. MOSES

To the Voters of Appomattox, Buckingham, Cumberland and Charlotte Counties, constituting the Eleventh State Senatorial District of Virginia:

After mature consideration, I have decided to become a candidate for the office of State Senator from the Eleventh Senatorial District of Virginia, and do herewith announce that I am a candidate for this office, subject to the Democratic Primary to be held on the sixth day of August, 1935.

It is not my idea to solicit your votes by the making of extravagant promises as to what I will be able to do for you if I am nominated and elected. I do promise, however, that if I am successful, I will impartially represent the four counties composing the district. I realize that every candidate is entitled to support unless he proposes to serve his district faithfully, honestly and to the best of his ability, and you can depend on my rendering this kind of service to our district if nominated and elected.

I will appreciate the support of the voters of the District and, if honored with it, will do by best to merrit their confidence.

J. KENT EARLY.

To the voters of Appomattox County:

I am a candidate for election to the office of Commissioner of the Revenue, subject to the Democratic Primary election in Pamplin.

I sincerely thank you for your kind support and cooperation in the past and hereby ask for your support in the coming Primary. I promise if elected I will faithfully discharge the duties o the office as I have tried to do heretofore.

J. H. O'Brien

Convict Hurt In Accident

Blowout Blamed For Accident at N. and W. Railroad Underpass

One man was serious hurt and several others bruised when a state penitentiary truck carrying 14 convicts turned over between Concord and Spout Springs this week.

James Conart was the most seriously hurt. The men were treated by Dr. J. W Davis Jr and later sent to the state pen in another truck.

Several ambulances rushed to the scene. A blow out was given as the cause of the accident.

Senator Walter Here

Hon. Jeff Walter, prominent state senator from the Eastern Shore was in Appomattox Tuesday, and while here visited Calvin H. Robinson, editor of the Times Virginian. Mr. Walter will return to the senate for another term with out opposition. He and Mr. Robinson have been close friends for many years.

Governor Here

According to G. Lewis Doss, out at BuBrge's station No. 2, Governor and Mrs. Perry are "fine folks". Last Friday they stopped by that station for some twenty minutes on their way to Tazewell. They stopped by for soft drinks and inspected the new buildings going up there.

Family Reunion

The home of Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Marsh, of Evergreen was the scene of a family reunion Sunday, when fifty eighth birthday was observed. A bountiful dinner was served on table on the lawn. Those present with their families: Follow Mr and Mrs. Dupie Pugh and daughter, Mrs. Dupie Pugh and daughter, Audrey, Mr. and Mrs. H W Marsh and daughter Frances, Mr and Mrs. J. T. Marsh and daughter, Juanita; Mr and Mrs. W F Woodall and Miss Jocelyn Marsh; Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Marsh and children Nelson and Rosalyn; Mrs. Clara Marsh and Rudolph Marsh; Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Woolridge and Van Pugh.

Lawn Party

The Royal Ambassadors of New Hope church will have a lawn party on the school lawn Saturday, July 20, for ice cream and punch, music and novelties.

Coleman Family

A family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Anna Coleman on July 4. Children, grandchildren and great grandchildren and friends 128 were present. A bountiful dinner was served on the lawn in picnic style. Pictures were taken and there was singing in the afternoon. Each minister made an address. They were: Reverends R. S. Royall, Campbell, W M Thompson and Fitzgerald.

FOR RENT: Upper apartment in the home owned by Mrs. James B. Abbitt in town of Appomattox. Apply to: MRS J. A. BURKE.

PERSONAL MENTION

Miss Vernie Olden of Norfolk is visiting relative here.

Norman H. Cheatham spent Saturday in Roanoke.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Reynolds are daughters of Danville spent Sunday with his brother W.R. Reynolds.

Mrs. Mattie Traylor of Philadelphia is visiting her sister Mrs. Grace Dawson.

Chesley Christian and Betty Yough Mummy celebrated their seventh and fifth birthdays Sunday at Liberty Baptist Church.

F. L. Martin and J. K. Pulliam and Odell Howerton are attending a convention in Roanoke.

Misses Edna and Maggie mann, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Chenault and family spent the weekend in Lynchburg.

Mrs. J. C. Dick of McCleansville North Carolina, Mrs. R. C. Whittington and Mrs. W. W. Owen and daughter of Washington are visiting in the home of Rev. R. E. Reading.

Mrs. Warren Emricks is visiting in New York.

Boyd Emricks of New York is visiting his brother Warren Emricks.

Miss Carrie Jamerson, S. F. and Raymond Jamerson and Burwell Ferguson spent the weekend in Washington.

Miss Peggy Christian of Covington is visiting in the home of Mrs. J. R. Booker.

Andrew Ferguson who underwent a Memorial hospital last morning where he will undergo an operation.

Mrs. Ellis Wooton of Spout Springs Mrs. R. K. Lawson, Ric and Sinkler and Mrs F. L. Murphey who are in the hospital are reported as doing nicely.

J. D. Ferguson had the misfortune to fall and break his leg Thursday of last week, he was taken to the hospital and his leg was set. He is back at home and doing nicely.

M. Earl Carson of Steelton, Pa. visited relatives and friends in the county last week.

Dr. Fred Drinkard of Blacksburg, visited in the himi of W. J. LeGrand Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Turnes visited Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carson of Stone Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carson of Stone Mr. and Mrs. Owen Carson of Stone